I'm The Sheriff In These Here Parts
By Yu May and JezebethNoir

"Bad girls, bad girls! Whatchu gonna do? Sheriff Humblehand is comin' for you!"

A montage of footage of perps being arrested played on Mary Jane's phone, along with the official, iconic theme song of *Shire Reaves*. She was seated at a folding table that prominently featured marijuana leaves, peace symbols, and rainbows among all her products.

As a dryad, her skin had a soft, earthy tone, and her eyes were a vivid forest green, which contrasted with the lovely shade of pink that represented the whites of her eyes. She wore bell-bottom jeans, a tie-dye shirt, and a crown of flowers.

A male narrator's voice boomed over the footage as the episode started. "Vandalism. Murder. Rape. Rampant littering. Cobywood was on the brink before the *Shire Reaves* got to work cleaning up this poor lil' town, full of helpless, hapless halflings. But the work of upholding law and order never ends."

Mary Jane was surrounded by other tables in the "Cobywood Coaches & Cowpokes Convention" artists' alley, but she was too busy watching the latest episode of her show to take care of any customers.

A little girl approached her stall. "Excuse me, Miss? I'd like to buy something fun."

Mary Jane held up a finger. "Not now, sprout. I'm watching something hilarious."

The narrator announced: "On tonight's episode: a bust on an illegal pornographic film studio, owned by a hot, single, succubus MILF who thinks she's above halfling law."

The scene cut to the local halfling sheriff putting a well-dressed, middle-aged succubus in handcuffs. Her skin was a warm scarlet hue, while her leather business suit was a darker shade of crimson and had a small hole for her long, pronged tail. She had her red-black hair up in a no-nonsense bun, with two little horns poking out.

In the background, a vampiress and a naked she-werewolf were having a catfight on a bed, both buck naked. “This is all your fault, bat bitch!”

“Who are you calling a bitch, wolf bitch? And how’s it my fault? You’re the one who was howling at the full—ow!”

The halfling sheriff and her deputy forcibly tackled the vampiress and the she-werewolf against the bed and started cuffing them.

The middle-aged succubus snarled. “Hey, watch it! Those are my actresses!”

The sheriff tipped her cowboy hat. “Oh, they are, are they? So that makes you the mastermind behind this illegal smut shoot, doesn’t it?”

The narrator’s voice boomed. “But this sassy succubus is about to find out that when the short arm of the law comes for you, it comes in swinging!”

The sheriff tapped the succubus across her rump with a baton. “All right, perp, we’re doing a strip search. Pants off, now!”

The succubus glared at the sheriff with pure menace. “What? That’s outrageous! Why, you filthy little—”

The sheriff answered with a sharp swat across the succubus’s behind.

She squealed and started to strip, struggling to step out of her skin-tight pants with her hands cuffed behind her back. “Eeek! All right, all right!”

The camera cut to show the horrified expression of the vampiress. “Oh, shit! We’ll cooperate, we’ll cooperate!”

The she-werewolf growled. “Woof! Woof! I’ll rip your throats out!”

The deputy swung a baton across the she-wolf’s bare buttocks. “Stop resisting arrest! You’re gonna get tased!”

Mary Jane smiled as she watched the proceedings. The curvy succubus was forced to undress herself while still handcuffed. “Sweet! I love this show. You know, it’s all filmed right here in Cobywood?”

The little girl blinked, her eyes wide as she looked at the footage of the halfling deputy ferociously spanking the werewolf. “...You don’t say? I’m not allowed to watch that show on the TV.”

“Really? Shoot, sucks to be you. But why won’t your parents let you watch it? It’s good, wholesome police stuff.”

Meanwhile, on the phone screen, the camera cut to a barely censored image of the middle-aged succubus being frog-marched, butt naked, through the crowded streets of Cobywood. “Hey! You can’t do this to me! I have rights! I demand legal representation! I want a lawyer! I want my panties!”

Mary Jane whistled in awe. “Wow! I wonder if I can get Sheriff Humblehand’s autograph?”

On the screen, the succubus gasped as she was forced into a spread-eagle position across a white table. “What are you buggers doing back there?”

Sheriff Humblehand pulled on a latex glove with a snap. “Just gonna perform a quick cavity search. Routine safety precaution. Deputy Barstool? Better get the vibrator.”

“Vibrator? Why do you need that for a cavity—oooh! Cold hands! No drugs! I don’t keep my drugs there!”

The sheriff nodded and continued fingering the prisoner. “Deputy, make a note that the prisoner claimed to be in possession of drugs during her search.”

The succubus squirmed, twisting her hips to break free from the sheriff’s grasp. “I did not say that, you snub-nosed, curly-tailed—eep! Not there! Don’t poke me there!”

Sheriff Humblehand delivered a slap across the succubus' lower buttocks. "And that's for resisting an officer of the law while she is giving a lawful command. Why, I oughta paddle yer rump."

"Do your worst! I love a good spanking. It turns me on!"

"Ugh! Typical succubi. Deputy, make a note of that for the perp's case file. We'll have to escalate our prison disciplinary methods. Hold still, perp, you're getting the vibrator."

The succubus trembled as the vibrator was inserted. "I want my lawyer, you fu—ow! Aah-how! ... Bah, you call that a vibrator? That barely tickles!"

The sheriff raised her hand high. "Oh, I'll tickle you, perp."

Mary Jane's eyes shone as she brushed aside the raw hemp shoots that covered her head like hair. "Oooh, her ass is grass."

Then the spanking began in earnest. Most episodes of the show were wall-to-wall corporal punishment sequences.

The little girl looked terribly nervous. "So, you got anything to sell me, or not?"

Mary Jane looked up from her phone, scowling, and waved a hand. "Beat it, kid. I'm closing up shop for the day."

The child was dressed in an adorable poodle skirt, with ribbons in her hair. "But you got some dope art... so you gotta have some good stuff for me, right?"

Mary Jane grumbled and tossed aside her phone. "Yeah, yeah, 4-20 meme stuff, ha ha. Got the prices for buttons and stickers right there. If you can read, just toss a few bucks in the jar."

"No, no, not the art... I'm interested in the real thing. You know, the good stuff!"

"Oh, screw you, brat, my art rocks. Hang on..." Mary Jane glanced around the tables. No one was paying close attention. "...All right, what are you looking for? If you need

something to knock you out, I don't carry any of that heavy 'purple rain' kush. But I've got a few smooth hybrids."

The little girl cocked her head. "I just need something for a sleepover with my girlfriends. Nothing too strong. Can you just show me what you got?"

Mary Jane eyed the little girl. "Hang on, aren't you a little young to be getting high at parties? How old are you?"

"Um… I'm sixteen?"

"Oh, that's a relief. I was stoned all through high school. Here, I've got some blue dream for ya. Cut fresh." Mary Jane pulled aside one of her blue-dyed marijuana dreadlocks, clipped it, and set the raw plant in front of the little girl. "Uh, you'll have to refine it. I don't really do that either. That'll be one gee."

The little girl pulled out a badge and a taser. "Freeze! Deputy Shire Reaves! You're under arrest for Attempted Possession with Intent to Deliver or Distribute a Controlled Substance!"

A film crew jumped out from behind the buildings that surrounded artists' alley, all wearing gear that proclaimed them to be part of the official *Shire Reaves* camera team.

Mary Jane blinked twice. "Aw, fuck. It's always the halfling cops."

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Mary Jane was cuffed and escorted to a cream-colored interrogation room, with a single table and two plastic chairs.

Across from her, a middle-aged halfling woman, who Mary Jane immediately recognized as Sheriff Humblehand from the reality TV show, kicked her imitation-leather cowboy boots up on the table. "Round these parts, we don't take kindly to city folks selling drugs to our kiddos."

Mary Jane rolled her eyes and waved her handcuffed wrists dramatically. “She wasn’t a kiddo. She looks older than me. What are you, three hundred and thirty-three?”

“No, that’s… none of your business,” said the deputy, who was still dressed in her little-girl costume.

The sheriff polished her badge. “You have any idea how much trouble you’re in, missy?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m a bad influence and a no-good pothead. Can I call my lawyer now? Oh, boy, my mommy and daddy are going to give you an earful if they have to drive out all the way here to pick me up.”

“Phone’s right there. You can make your call.”

Mary Jane noticed an antique, two-piece phone on the wall. “Huh, what the shizz is that thing? Some sort of telegram machine?”

“It’s a perfectly functional phone. Go ahead. Make your call.”

“Are you kidding? I don’t know my lawyer’s number. It’s on my phone. Give it!”

The sheriff held up Mary Jane’s smartphone. “Of course. Here in Cobywood, we stand for law and order. Make your call.”

Mary Jane puffed her hair out of her eyes and brought up her lawyer on speed dial. “Hey, Portia? I got catfished by a halfling cop again.”

“Gods, Mary! You were almost off parole! Where are you?”

“Cobywood Coaches & Cowpokes Convention.”

“What? Some kind of board-game store?”

“It’s the cosplay nerd convention. You know, halfling cowboys fighting racially insensitive caricatures of indigenous goblin natives.”

“halflings? Shit! You’re in the halfling quarter? Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck! Okay, listen carefully, whatever you do, do not unlock your phone for—”

Sheriff Humblehand snatched Mary's phone back from her and started thumbing rapidly through her files. "And... airdropped. Deputy, kindly sort those files under 'evidence.'"

Mary Jane snarled. "Hey! Gimme that back!"

Sheriff Humblehand handed the phone back. "Here you go. Tell your lawyer not to worry... We ain't gonna lynch ya."

Portia's voice crackled over the phone. "Don't you dare! I'll file a motion for change of venue! We'll sue the department of parks and recreation! We'll—"

Mary Jane's phone died. Sheriff Humblehand drummed her fingers together. "Huh. You didn't keep it charged? How irresponsible. Welp, that was your phone call. Do you need the court to provide you with a lawyer?"

"Are you retarded? That was my lawyer! Let me use the—"

"All right. Court is now in session. Do you have legal representation?"

"...What do you mean court's in session? You're the police chief."

The sheriff tipped her cowboy hat. "Correction. I'm the sheriff in these here parts. Ain't ya never heard of frontier justice? Out here in the country, we don't got the money nor time for a bunch of fancy lawyerin' loopholes."

"Are you fucking high? This isn't the frontier. This is a tourist trap. You work for a movie studio."

"...I work for the good folks of Cobywood. It may well be that a bunch of rich folks own the buildings, but I stand for something more. You see that bee-yoo-tiful sunset on the horizon? That's the wild, untamed West. This is our land. And it's our job to protect it. Cherish it."

"That sunset is a freakin' painted set piece, you nazi!"

Sheriff Humblehand stood and stomped around the table, her cowboy hat barely peeking above the top. She came to a halt below Mary Jane's seat. "Correction. It ain't painted. It's AI-generated. Apparently, that's what sunsets used to look like, once upon a time. It ain't much, but it's all we got to remember those days. And round here, we care about preserving that memory. So that means..."

The sheriff pulled open a file folder labeled "Educational Historical Reenactment Employment Forms."

"... we got our own ways of dealing with troublemakers 'round here that don't involve no city-slicker courts n' appeals."

"I want a lawyer."

"Can do. Deputy Barstool? You're her lawyer. Take the prisoner to booking."

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It turned out that booking was done in the room next door, in the sheriff's personal office. It was only slightly less cramped than the interrogation room. Deputy Barstool and a spectacled gnomish secretary both worked at child-sized cubicles in either corner, typing away madly at antique keyboards.

Sheriff Humblehand's desk dominated the center of the room, and behind it was a single cell, which held a buck-naked, middle-aged succubus who was tied to a chair, drooling.

The moment they entered, the succubus seemed to awaken from a daze and snapped up her head. "I want a lawyer!"

Mary Jane's mouth hung open. "Ooh! You're the hot milf from the last episode of *Shire Reaves!* So, do you do porn?"

The succubus glared at Mary Jane, her eyes blazing. "Not anymore, I don't. I'm legit now. I direct and produce avant-garde adult films!"

Sheriff Humblehand snapped her fingers, and a skeleton key floated to her hand. “I thought you were a lawyer. You keep jawing like you are one, anyhow.”

The succubus snarled, her voice sultry. “I’m a Free Speech and Obscenities Law specialist! And I want a criminal attorney.”

The sheriff sighed. “All right, Deputy Barstool, can you take on another hopeless case?”

“You’re going to make me go overtime again!”

“That’s no problem. We don’t pay overtime.”

The succubus stamped her feet. “I don’t want the deputy for my lawyer!”

“Huh. Well, have it your way. Missus Erdman? Looks like you’re working overtime.”

The spectacled gnome woman curled her lip and pulled out a clipboard. “But my kids are expecting me. They’re having piano lessons.”

“Could you call to ask their teacher to watch them for a bit?”

“Oh, I don’t pay for piano lessons. It’s a free app on their tablets. Ah well, I guess the apartment’s locked. Let’s just get this over with. Hello, Miss Bat-Mahlat. I will be playing the role of your legal defense.”

Spitting with rage, the succubus pulled at the restraints that held her secure. “No, that’s not what I meant! This is a gods-damned monkey trial!”

Mary Jane gasped. “Ooh, I don’t think little people like being called monkeys anymore. What’s the right term for you guys?”

Deputy Barstool fetched a clipboard of her own. “I think you’re mixing us up with dwarves. But they don’t like being called ‘little people’ either.”

Sheriff Humblehand produced a gavel and slammed it. “Court is now in session.”

Instantly the lock of the cell popped open, and the chair floated in the air, along with the struggling succubus, before coming to rest next to Mary Jane, who watched the proceedings in horror.

The sheriff turned to Mrs. Erdman. “Would the defense like to make an opening statement?”

“Nope. My client’s clearly guilty, your honor.”

The succubus hopped up and down in her chair. “Not guilty! Not guilty!”

Mrs. Erdman whispered. “Relax! If you plead guilty, I can get you a plea deal!”

“This is an outrage! Porn is legal! It’s clearly protected under free speech.”

The sheriff sighed. “You’re not on trial for filming porn. This is a business zoning violation. You’d have been fine filming your smut almost anywhere, but you picked our quiet little town to film.”

Hellfire seemed to billow around the naked succubus. “Are you fucking kidding me? That halfling-cops show of yours is full of X-rated spanking content!”

The deputy shrugged. “It’s a halfling thing. We got grandfathered in. You didn’t.”

“Oh, so I’d have been fine if I was a furry-footed half-pint?”

Deputy Barstool held up a pen. “Permission to treat the witness as hostile, your honor?”

“Any objections from the defense counsel?”

“No objections, your honor.”

The succubus rocked wildly back and forth in her chair. “This is not how a trial works! You’re just quoting buzzwords you heard on Law & Chaos!”

Deputy Barstool jabbed her pen into the succubus’ naked breast. “Don’t play innocent. You knew full well we don’t allow pornographic film shoots in our local community, didn’t you?”

“Look, this is all my marketing department’s fault! They had this big idea that if we filmed it in a halfling community, we could technically market it as ‘an illegal porn shoot,’ which is big for maximizing keyword search results. We didn’t think anyone would actually care! We weren’t in public!”

Deputy Barstool pointed dramatically. “Objection! So you admit that you knowingly shot an illegal porn shoot?”

Mrs. Erdman mirrored the same pose. “Objection! My client isn’t on trial for shooting porn! She only admitted that she knowingly violated our business zoning restrictions! I hold you in contempt of court!”

Sheriff Humblehand slammed her gavel down. “Overruled! It’s my job to hold the accused in contempt of court, not yours, counsel. Miss Bat-Mahlat, I’m holding you in contempt of court.”

“Oh, fuck you, and fuck the horse you rode into town on!”

“I prefer ponies. We’ll proceed with your case tomorrow. Court is adjourned. Now, as for the matter of your penalty for showing contempt of court…”

The succubus’ chair floated into the air again. The ropes binding the succubus went slack, and the succubus rose into the air. With a wet “schlop!” a purple rubber dildo slipped loose from between her legs, flopping about wildly. Mary Jane stared in horror. “Is that… a dildo? Why do you have that attached to a chair?”

The sheriff smiled. “Because routine spanking wasn’t getting results. The defendant forced us to it, I’m afraid.”

“What is going—”

Mary Jane faltered as she saw the scene unfold.

The succubus flailed her legs as she twisted in midair, yelping. Then she settled back on the chair facing backwards, the dildo rising of its own accord to slip right back in place in her vagina. “Oh no! Not this again… Ooop! Aaaw, golly!”

Then a few objects displayed on the wall started to glow and levitated off their hooks: a leather riding crop and a strange, weathered-looking wooden gourd. They flew toward the succubus and spiraled around her.

The succubus' eyes went wide as she finally noticed the two objects. She tried to twist to follow the objects, but the ropes bound her hands and ankles in place, with her ass facing backwards. "No! I do not consent to be spanked! I do not consent! I do not—"

The riding crop snapped across the succubus' ass, and she squealed. "Aaargh! Fuuuck... Fuck you! Is that all you've got, redneck?"

The sheriff shrugged. "We can spank you harder, if that's what you want."

"I've gotten spanked harder by double-amputee grandmothers! Do your worst, hick!"

"You asked for it. Counsel, make sure you make a note of the prisoner's consent to submit to further corporal punishment for the court record. The defendant is welcome to have a copy if she wants it. Who knows? Maybe it'll boost her business."

Then the gourd twisted in midair, and Mary Jane finally recognized its strangely phallic shape. It was an old-fashioned wooden wild-west dildo.

The succubus' eyes went wide in horror. "No! I already told you, I don't film porn anymore! I only produce—"

The rough, splintered gourd-dildo flew like a rocket, penetrating deep into the succubus' anus. Then the riding crop aimed another slap across her other buttock, and the gourd began thrusting. The succubus screeched, then moaned. "Yeeeaaaagh! Mmmeeee-yooowww! My asssss!"

As the succubus started to squeal in ecstasy, Sheriff Humblehand turned to look at Mary Jane. "Well, that takes care of the first case on the docket for the day. Let's move on to the matter of *Cobywood v. Mary Jane."*

Mary Jane dropped to her knees, holding up her cuffed hands. "I'm sorry! Please don't hurt me! I won't do it again! I'll be a good girl!"

Sheriff Humblehand waved her hands humbly. “Child, relax! You’re not the first kid we’ve busted for slinging hemp, and you probably won’t be the last. Now, I want to help you think through your current situation. You have broken the law. You have disrespected our community values and threatened our traditional, wholesome halfling culture. But your life isn’t over. Ever heard the phrase, ‘Let the punishment fit the crime’?”

Mary Jane nodded slowly, her lip quivering. “Uh… huh?”

“Well, you’re not like that succubus. She’s a hardened white-collar criminal. But you? You’re a dumb kid.”

Mary Jane pouted. “I’m not a kid! I’m a legal adult, you prune!”

For nine long, agonizing seconds, the sheriff did not react.

The only sound that could be heard was the succubus’ cries of agony, which were gradually growing more and more orgasmic.

Slowly, deliberately, the sheriff made a single mark on her clipboard. “As I was saying, since we have broad prosecutorial discretion in the halfling quarter, that means we can look for solutions outside of the prison-industrial complex. You know what convicts call prison? School. We could throw the book at you and have you shipped to a mega-metropolitan corporate incarceration center. But I don’t think someone like you deserves imprisonment, Miss Jane. I think you just need a little wake-up call. So how about we agree to a plea deal?”

Gasping, the succubus twisted in her chair. “Eep! Don’t listen to them! Fight for your rights! Just demand a lawyer! The only fucking word out of your mouth should be lawyer, lawyer…”

The riding crop and dildo both doubled the pace of the torment, and the succubus howled. “Laaaawyeeeeer! Oooooh, yeah! Keep violating my rights, you pigs! I’ll sue! Sooo-hoo-hooooooooo! Hoo-yaaah!”

The sheriff waved her hand, and a gag flew across the succubus' mouth. "Never mind that load a' horse puckey. Look, you made a bad decision, kid. Now you've got the chance to make a good decision. I'm open to a plea deal. If you're willing to take responsibility, there's no need for a stiff sentence. You can just do a few months of community service, and you'll be free to go. No hard time. No felony charges stuck on your permanent record every time you apply for a job."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that kind of capitalist stuff. Daddy says I can be whatever I want to be, and I want to be an artist/poet/singer/songwriter."

The sheriff drummed her fingers together. "Then why don't we just put this unfortunate business behind us? You agree to pay back your debt to society, and you can get back to picture-painting, or poem-writing, or whatever it is you want to."

Mary Jane glanced at the secretary. "Hmm, what do you think, lawyer lady?"

"I'm legally required to inform you that I have not passed the bar, and this is not legal advice. But if you were my daughter, I'd tell you to just take the plea deal, sweetie."

Mary Jane nodded. "Hmm. Okay! I plead guilty, your orneryness!"

Sheriff Humblehand's eyes narrowed. "You're pleading guilty to what, exactly?"

"Oh, possession of cannabis, I guess? With intent to distribute and stuff. Plus, I've been growing my hair out, and it's definitely reaching that level of stank that's sure to hit like a truck. I confess."

The sheriff beamed. "Really? Well, land sakes! That makes things easier."

"So we're good now, right?"

The sheriff slammed down her gavel. "Miss Mary Jane, I find you guilty on all counts and sentence you to an indefinite period of community service."

"Sweet! So how long is that? I've got tickets to a concert next week. It's *The Ungrateful Undead: Back from the Grave Tour!"*

Sheriff Humblehand put away her gavel and stood up in her chair. “A week? Well, child, it’s not likely. I suppose that will depend on whether you can get time off for good behavior.”

Mary Jane flared her nostrils, her pink eyes boggling. “What? This is a once-in-a-lifetime musical event! Do you have any idea how much my Mommy and Daddy paid for these tickets?”

“Nope. Now, let’s discuss the first part of your community service. The goal of this lesson is to teach you respect and civility. Community service ends when you’ve shown true remorse and repentance.”

Mary Jane pouted and narrowed her eyes. “Well, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again, or whatever. There. Now you have to forgive me.”

The sheriff sighed. “Young lady, I think what you need first is to learn some respect. Stand up and set your hands on my desk. You’re getting a good lickin’.”

Mary Jane complied, pursing her lips. “Oh, like soul kissing? Well, I am pansexual, and I’m flattered you asked. Sure, let’s make out.”

The sheriff pulled a razor strap out of her desk, stood on the desk to reach Mary Jane’s eye level, and snapped the leather strip between her hands. “Oh, you’re gonna feel a few kisses all right, you whippersnapper. Right on your duff. Bend over.”

Mary Jane glanced back at her backside, her faded jeans doing nothing to hide the shape of her naturally beautiful bottom. “What, my ass? ...Oh, you’re into butt stuff! Well, I’ve never tried that before, but I’m pretty open-minded when it comes to—”

With precise aim, the sheriff whipped the razor strap across the seat of her pants. Mary Jane yelped and hopped in place, but her hands seemed to be rooted to the desk. “Eek! Woah! Communication! Communication is key to consent!”

The sheriff jabbed a finger downward. “Young lady, you drop them britches. You’re getting your first whuppin’ on your bare ass!”

Mary Jane danced in place, wanting to rub her bottom but unable to move her hands. "Whuppin'? ...Wait a minute, you're going to spank me?"

"Of course I'm gonna spank you, ya idjit! D'ja think I was gonna smooch it?"

"But you can't spank me! I've never been spanked before!"

The succubus paused her muffled moaning and twisted in her seat to look at Mary Jane. "Mmff? Mang omph! Muff wunna worf wiffoo!"

The sheriff snapped her razor strap in the general direction of the succubus. Instantly the riding crop and the dildo paused their acts of torture. "None of that noise! You know that interrupting court proceedings is another contempt-of-court charge."

The succubus made puppy-dog eyes. "Muff, mewwiff!"

The sheriff growled, then snapped her fingers. "Fine, let's hear what the nudie-picture actress has to say."

But nothing happened. Sheriff Humblehand snapped her fingers a few more times, then stamped her foot. "Missus Erdman, will you kindly ungag the prisoner? My magic can't wrangle more'n one ornery crook at once."

The gnome undid the gag, and the succubus coughed. "Ack! What do you use that rag for, shoe polishing? Just gag me with a spoon, why don't you?"

The riding crop landed two quick, precise swats, and the succubus squealed. "Ooow! Owwie! Ay! Okay, okay, I just want to talk to the kid! Look, weed-girl, are you telling me you've never been spanked? Like, you're a vanilla virgin when it comes to BDSM stuff? That's fucking gold! People eat that shit up! If you let me sign you as an actress, I can get you in select movie theaters! Think of it! Your ass, on the big screen!"

"Enough! You're still trying to produce porn in my town? You haven't learned a durn thing!" Sheriff Humblehand tried to snap her fingers, but the succubus' gag didn't move. "Ugh! Missus Erdman, the gag!"

“No! Wait! I can cut you all in on it. Think of the royalties! I’ll buy you a golden—dilffft!”

Then the riding crop and the two dildos went back to their merry work.

Ignoring the succubus’ muffled moans, Sheriff Humblehand slowly turned to face Mary Jane. “My apologies. We’ve never had to process this many convicts all at once. Now, the key to a good spanking is for you to participate in your own punishment. Compliance is a good first step to showing true contrition. Miss Jane, I’d like you to drop your britches, lift your shirt, and stick out your ass for me.”

Mary Jane’s eyes went wide. “But… if I do that… everybody will see my butt!”

“And it’s only right they should. You’ve been a right lil’ ass, little lady. So it’s only fittin’ that your bad lil’ ass pay the price.”

Her hands trembling, Mary Jane reached for the waistband of her jeans. “So if I let you spank me… you’ll let me go?”

Sheriff Humblehand smiled. “There’s no getting out of this spanking, lil’ missy. We either slap your heinie or slap you with a felony charge, same as her.”

Mary Jane glanced at the succubus, who was currently drooling past her gag. The riding crop and dildo had both sped up to a brisk pace. Quickly Mary Jane dropped her jeans. “Okay, fine! I’ll comply. Let’s just get this over with already.”

Immediately Sheriff Humblehand snapped the razor strap across Mary Jane’s bottom, which was now protected by only a T-shirt and a pair of panties. “Nope! You ain’t listenin’!”

Mary Jane yelped and grabbed her buttocks tight with both hands. “Oowwweee!”

The sheriff snapped her fingers, and Mary Jane’s hands were roughly pulled away, as if by invisible hands, and slapped back onto the desk. “None of that fool dancin’. You may move your hands when instructed, then put ’em right back when you’re finished. I told you once already, so this is your last warning. Drop your britches and lift your shirt!”

Mary Jane shook her head, but it felt like her palms were ingrained into the desk. "Please, ma'am! Just spank me and get it over with! But don't make me strip!"

The sheriff landed another stroke of the strap. "You strip before you get the strap. We ain't even started yet. Obey, girlie!"

Mary Jane hissed with discomfort, then rushed to comply. Suddenly she found her hands were free. She slid down her panties, which were decorated with a dove and olive branch, and struggled to lift her shirt. "It keeps slipping down!"

SNAP!

"Eeeek!" Mary Jane lifted her shirt up and over her shoulders, letting her naked breasts flop free, and put her hands on the desk.

The sheriff took a good long gander at Mary Jane's boobs. "That's more like it. Now we may begin. This spankin's only meant to act as a warm-up, to get you in the proper mindset. Ya see, you've been arrogant. You got too big for yer britches, so now you've lost all rights to wear them britches. Now, you said you're an adult. Exactly how old are ya, Miss Jane?"

"Two hundred and ten."

"... And about how old is that considered, in dryad terms?"

"Oh, shoot, that's right, you halflings are short-lived too. Well, we dryads can get our driver's license on our hundred-and-sixtieth birthday. And since my last birthday, I can finally drink fermented berry juice. Does that help?"

"I see. So you're just at the start of your journey as a young adult. Well, I aim to make sure you remember your lesson for the next two hundred and ten years. Ordinarily you would get one stroke for every year of life, but that's a bit much for just a warm-up. I think twenty-one will suffice for now."

"Twenty? With that thing? I won't have an ass left!"

“Don’t doubt yourself. And I said twenty-one…” The sheriff landed a slash with the strap. “…plus another one to grow on. One.”

Mary Jane let out a long, trailing, guttural howl, only to be caught off guard by the second stroke. The sheriff slowly counted, “Two,” ignoring Mary Jane’s protests and pleas.

“Oh, gawd! No, no, no, hurts too much! Safe word! I want a safe word!”

THWACK!

“Aaah!”

“Three,” counted the sheriff, her face bored.

“Please! Puh-leeeeze!”

The sheriff landed the fourth stroke with extra tugging force at the immediate point of impact, so that the strap seemed to rip backwards across the dryad’s fleshy butt cheeks. “Four.”

Mary Jane’s voice warbled as she threw back her head to scream, her tongue twisting across her teeth. “Aaaaaaaargh!”

Mary Jane tensed her buttocks, anticipating the fifth stroke, but it didn’t come. Slowly the sheriff climbed off the desk to reposition herself behind her victim and disappeared from Mary Jane’s line of sight.

Gasping, the teary-eyed dryad looked all around the room, desperate to find anyone or anything that could rescue her. As the terrible reprieve dragged on, she felt six angry welts starting to rise and throb across her buttocks, each vying for her attention. “Oh, sweet Lucy in the sky with diamonds! Okay, you win! Let’s call my parents! They’ll buy you whatever you want! A new hat! A badge made of gold! A whole—”

The sheriff landed a mean upward stroke.

SHHWACK!

“Five.”

Mary Jane’s whole body shivered. “Aaaireeeeee—eeep! My tongue! Stop! I bit my tongue!”

“Then grit your teeth, fool child.”

Clenching her jaw, Mary Jane tried to twist to look over her shoulder. If only she knew when the next stroke was coming, she could prepare herself for it. “Pleee—”

The sixth stroke was aimed downwards, in a mirror image of the last stroke.

Still gritting her teeth, Mary Jane seethed. “Puh–llleeeeeeze!”

The sheriff slapped her hand across Mary Jane’s bottom and fondled it roughly, squeezing each of the angry welts in turn. “Six… You just tried to bribe me, young lady. But none of your big-city grift is gonna get you out of facing justice in my town. See, in Cobywood, we halflings weren’t born with a silver spoon in our mouths. But we *were reared* with a spoon. A wooden spoon, right ’cross our rear ends, whenever we needed it. And that’s how we all learned our good halfling sense.”

The sheriff released her grasp on Mary Jane’s backside. Sensing what was coming, Mary Jane turned to look at her tormenter. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to offend you! I’m so sorry! Really I am!”

But all she saw was Sheriff Humblehand raising the razor strap for the next stroke. “Hold still.”

When the seventh stroke landed, Mary Jane screamed again, but by the eighth stroke she was struggling to catch her breath.

After the tenth stroke, Mary Jane laid her forehead on the desk, sobbing, which only served to raise her bottom higher. The razor strap seemed to rip across the flesh of her buttocks, scorching the soft, sensitive epidermis that represented the dryad’s skin.

“Eleven.”

Mary Jane wheezed, her voice growing weaker. “Aaauuu! Oh, mercy! Have pity on me!”

The twelfth stroke was aimed across the dryad’s upper thighs, leaving a fresh welt across the previously unmarked territory. “Twelve.”

Mary Jane took a choking, shuddering breath, then made another attempt to hold still.

But after the sixteenth stroke, her resolve crumbled. “Agh! No more! No more spanking!”

Mary Jane tried to struggle free from the desk, only to flop forward and collapse across it, gripping the far side, gasping for air.

Humblehand paused for a moment, waiting for the exact moment her victim ran out of breath, and swung the razor strap with the full force of her arm. “Seventeen.”

Mary Jane mewled and wailed, but all the fight had been spanked out of her long ago.

Finally the sheriff finished. “And… twenty-two. That’s yer one to grow on. How are you feeling, Miss Jane?”

“Buuwaaaaaaaugh!”

“Criminy! We’re making progress already. But it’s getting late, so I suggest we adjourn court for the day and continue tomorrow.”

Mary Jane lifted herself up on her elbows. “Is… is it over?”

“Yup. Your warm-up spanking is over. Tomorrow morning we will administer judicial corporal punishment for your illegal possession and attempted distribution of cannabis.”

Mary Jane spun her head around, her hemp hair flopping wildly. “Huh? That wasn’t the corporal punishment? You… you big meanie! You lied to me!”

Using her rough, calloused hand, the sheriff landed a firm slap across Mary Jane’s buttocks. It stung nearly as much as the razor strap and had even more weight behind it.

The dryad howled as she felt the impact reverberate through her tender glutes. The sheriff shook her hand. “I never once told a fib. But I can see we have more work to do. Better lock her up for the night, deputy.”

“But Sheriff, there’s only one cell, and prisoner number 3469 is probably gonna need the cot more…”

They all turned to look at the succubus. As the riding crop landed a ferocious strike, it left a white mark in the shape of a little heart, which quickly flushed to a deep blood red. Bat-Mahlat arched her back, craning her neck to gasp, before slumping her head forward onto the chair, gurgling. By this point the succubus’ ass and thighs were completely covered in raised, heart-shaped blisters. Then Bat-Mahlat began to thrust her hips up and down along with the rhythm of the two objects penetrating her, as if trying to obediently contribute to her own torment for some strange reason. “Mooooooooorthhhpt! Nuh’mooooooooorrr’th!”

Mrs. Erdman sniggered. “Oh, I think the succubus will definitely need to sleep on her stomach tonight.”

The sheriff sighed and snapped her fingers. “Fair ’nuff. I’ll have to get creative to make sleeping arrangements for Miss Jane. Miss Bat-Mahlat, are you ready to behave yourself?”

The objects tormenting the succubus paused, and her ropes and gag fell away. With a final pop, the wooden dildo pulled free from her asshole. The succubus stood, trembling, and the dildo slipped free from her pussy. “You can… lick my ass.”

“All right. Counsel, make a note that the defendant consented to anal whipping.”

The sheriff snapped her fingers again, and the succubus floated into the air and hovered toward the bed. “N-No! What are you up to now? I did not consent to any of this!”

Glowing shackles appeared around the succubus’ wrists and ankles and slowly pulled her taut, holding her in midair, fully exposing her nether regions. The succubus tugged

at the restraints, then froze as she saw the riding crop float slowly toward her buttocks. “Oh no! N-not that! Any—Anything but—”

Then the riding crop snapped right across the succubus’ asshole.

Mary Jane couldn’t take her eyes off the scene as the succubus’ torment began all over again.

After only three strokes, the succubus’ arguments quickly melted into incoherent blubbering. “Guuuaaaaagh! *Guh!* Awwwwshih! *Ugh!* Uuuwaaaaaugh!”

Mary Jane watched in horror until she felt the sheriff pinching her chin. Sheriff Humblehand patted the dryad’s buttocks gently, looking deep into her eyes. “Now, as for you, are you ready to be a good girl who’s ready to turn over a new leaf, or are you going to be a bad egg like that fool demoness?”

Mary Jane saw the sheriff’s stern face start to go blurry behind her fresh tears. “I’ll b-be a g-good gug-g-g-girl!”

Sheriff Humblehand smiled. “Well, slap my tush and call me a baby, that’s a relief. In that case, I have just the spot for you to bed down for the night.”

The sheriff snapped her fingers, and a large decorative potted plant hovered into the air. The plant twisted itself free and dropped into the trash. Then the rustic, painted ceramic pot floated toward Mary Jane. As she realized what was about to happen, the young dryad shook her head before she herself started to float. “Oh, n-no! We d-dryads don’t actually have to use flower pots. You see—”

The ceramic pot slammed against her buttocks with force, trapping her firmly inside with her heels high above her head. Mary Jane gripped the edges of the pot, her lip quivering, before she fought to catch her breath. “Oof! That’s—That is actually a common misconception. In fact, we vastly prefer not to have to fall asleep in tree form, apart from ceremonial occasions. I haven’t needed one of these since I was a sapling! It’s completely unnecessary for—”

Still trapped in the pot, Mary Jane floated inside the cell and dropped to the floor with a hard bump. Then a small bag of nutritional soil tipped over and covered her in a dusty brown cloud. Mary Jane spluttered and spat out a clod of dirt. “No! I’m not just some potted plant! And I’m not a baby anymore! This is completely demeaning!”

Mrs. Erdman adjusted her glasses. “Actually, it’s pronounced Damask.”

The sheriff patted down the soil trapping the dryad, then turned her attention to the succubus. “Miss Bat-Mahlat, are you ready to comply with orders now? I can leave you like that all night if you prefer.”

The succubus let out a guttural scream but managed to flash two middle fingers.

The sheriff stroked her chin, then snapped her fingers. “Hmm, so it’s another contempt-of-court violation? You know what that means! A double violation.”

The riding crop paused its whipping motion. Instantly the wooden and rubber dildos flew back into place, twisting roughly to penetrate both of the succubus’ orifices.

The succubus choked, then let out a long, low groan. “Ooooooggsh!”

Slowly the shackles holding the succubus in midair lowered her down onto the cot. As if on reflex, the succubus rested on her elbows and knees, lifting her hips high into the air behind her. The two dildos continued to pump slowly of their own volition. The sheriff clapped her hands. “That’s a wrap! Court will reconvene tomorrow to discuss the matter of *Cobywood v. Bat-Mahlat*. Miss Mary Jane, you have been placed on a period of probation pending the completion of your term of community service. As for you, Miss Bat-Mahlat…”

The sheriff patted the succubus’ naked thighs, each in turn. “…You would do well to follow Miss Jane’s example. She might just get time off for good behavior.”

The succubus moaned. “Guuuuhh….”

Deputy Barstool and Mrs. Erdman helped lock up. Sheriff Humblehand tipped her hat, then shut off the light switch. “Lights out, prisoners.”

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The minutes dragged on and on. Mary Jane fell into a furtive sleep, only to be awakened by the sounds of the succubus' ongoing torment.

Bat-Mahlat's muffled groans increased in intensity, along with the pulsing motion of the two phalluses, until she finally climaxed, spasmed, and collapsed onto her stomach on her cot, whimpering. The two objects continued pumping back and forth slowly, but at a slightly gentler pace than before.

Mary Jane watched in horror from her flower pot. "How can you let them do that to you?"

The succubus flashed a red-hot glare at the dryad. "Me? You're the one who surrendered to the plea deal!"

"Well, duh! If I hadn't, I'd be completely screwed!"

"So you just bend over and let the government fuck you in the ass? Pathetic!"

"You're one to talk, skank!"

The succubus glanced backward at the two objects penetrating her. "They'll never break me. I was a successful porn actress. This is kid stuff for me. Just keep asking for a lawyer. They'll eventually have to provide you with one, even in a halfling cultural-preservation zone."

"If I had known they allow such barbaric punishments in the halfling quarter, I'd never have joined the artists' alley in the first place!"

The succubus shrugged. "Eh, it's their culture. Halflings basically invented the entertainment industry. Part of what attracted me to this sector. If they want to hold onto a few antiquated traditions, who am I to judge?"

"But hitting people? It's like something out of the dark ages!"

The succubus scoffed. “Bah! You’ve clearly never been a guest in the big house. Spoiled kid.”

Mary Jane almost spat. “Shows what you know! I was in juvie once!”

“Til mommy and daddy paid your bail?”

Mary Jane bit her lip. “I still had to do house arrest and community service! I paid my debt to society.”

The succubus winced as she felt the two dildos both pump her at the same moment, before they returned to their usual gentle rhythm. “Rrrmm! … What’d you do? Another weed-related charge?”

“…It was an accident.”

“Oh, please. Pull the other one! How do you accidentally pass off weed to someone?”

Mary Jane looked away. “I… I just gave a boy a few locks of my hair, okay? I didn’t think he’d tell on me.”

The succubus tried to make a mock, babyish cooing sound before the dildos caught her off guard again. “Awww—ah!—So… you got your heart broken?”

“I don’t want to talk about it with you, thanks. But I’m *not* doing another stint in prison. Period.”

Both of the prisoners harrumphed and looked away from one another. After another hour or two of furtive sleep, the lights clicked back on. The moment that Bat-Mahlat’s eyes fluttered open, the two dildos immediately seemed to “wake up” and went to work on her.

Sheriff Humblehand entered the office alone and held up a hand. “Hang on. Need my morning coffee first. I get especially grouchy without it.”

Mary Jane and Bat-Mahlat kept their mouths shut tight as the sheriff made a pot of hot, sludgy black coffee.

She took a slow sip from a mug decorated with the words “Second Breakfast Club.” “Ah, that hit the spot. For your sake, let’s hope the counsels for the prosecution and the defense both arrive on time today. I’d hate to have to start the morning with another two-hour paddling session.”

Mary Jane swallowed. She wasn’t sure who got paddled if the employees arrived late, but she didn’t want to find out.

Then Deputy Barstool and Mrs. Erdman burst into the room and raced to their cubicles just before the clock started to chime eight. Mrs. Erdman was dressed in a formal gnomish dress similar to the one she wore yesterday, while Deputy Barstool had finally changed out of her schoolgirl disguise for a simple shirt, vest, and jeans similar to the sheriff’s attire.

The sheriff drained the last of her coffee in one gulp. “Just in time! All right, let’s get these cases ready for the docket… Miss Mary Jane, we’ll handle your probation case first.”

The cell door flew open, and Mary Jane floated toward the desk, her buttocks still stuck tight in the flower pot. The sheriff slammed a gavel. “Court is now in session. All rise… Miss Mary Jane, that includes you.”

Mary Jane struggled to get on her feet, the pot forcing her to bend over double. “It won’t budge!”

“Deputy Barstool? You’re the parole officer. Help your client.”

With a sigh the deputy grabbed at the pot and started to yank. With a grunt Mary Jane pulled herself free. She discovered her buttocks were caked in soil and had started to sprout roots, like the fingers of a potato. Blushing, Mary Jane brushed off the remaining dirt, and with a few tugs she pulled out the growing roots. “Whoops! Pardon me. Must be going to seed.”

The sheriff eyed the dirt on the ground. “Miss Mary Jane, part of this probationary hearing is to determine whether you’re ready to reenter society as a productive worker. Please avoid leaving your mess around the courtroom.”

Mary Jane stiffened. “Oops, my bad! I’ll… clean it up?”

“We’ll leave that to the bailiff. Mrs. Erdman? Get that swept up.”

“But I’m playing the role of district attorney today. Someone has to prosecute.”

“This is only a routine probation case. Just get your janitor hat and get to sweeping.”

Mrs. Erdman pouted, then fetched an orange baseball cap that read “Cleanup Crew.”

The sheriff organized her folders. “Miss Mary Jane, since you’ve made the wise decision to comply with the state and seek rehabilitation, this hearing should be fairly perfunctory. We’re simply going to administer the minimum mandatory sentence for possession of a controlled substance, and then you can immediately begin your period of community service. Counsel for the defense, do you have anything to say on your client’s behalf before we wrap this up?”

The deputy shrugged. “I reckon the mandatory minimum will learn her pretty good.”

“Learn me what?”

The sheriff slammed her gavel. “Well, that’s good enough for me. Miss Mary Jane, you are ordered to surrender any and all cannabis in your possession to the state. Furthermore, I sentence you to be flogged. You will receive thirty-nine lashes with the cat-o’-nine-tails before beginning your period of community service.”

Mary Jane’s eyes went wide. “What? But I agreed to the plea deal!”

“Exactly. That’s why I’m taking it so easy on you. Missus Erdman, I think we’ll need the hedge clippers for this prisoner.”

As she finished sweeping, Mrs. Erdman's head popped up, and she quickly doffed her orange hat for a green one that read "Gardener." Then the gnome produced what looked like a gigantic pair of rusty scissors.

Mary Jane's pupils shrank to the size of pinpricks. "What are you gonna do with that?"

The sheriff snapped her fingers. "We have to confiscate your raw marijuana, of course."

A floating chair slapped lightly against Mary Jane's rump, forcing her to sit. Then Mrs. Erdman approached, testing the clippers. Mary Jane stamped her feet. "But I love my natural hair! You can't do this to me! I took the plea deal! ...Ow! Hot! Hot seat! Too hot!"

Mary Jane heard another snap, and suddenly the seat she was sitting on turned mad hot. Mary Jane howled and tried to stand, but her bottom was stuck flat to the burning chair. The sheriff looked her right in the eyes. "Miss Jane, you agreed to plead guilty of your own free will. This is part of that deal, of course. Resisting a lawful order will only earn you additional charges. If you say you want to be good, then be a good girl and sit still."

Mary Jane howled as she felt her buttocks start to sizzle. "Okay, okay, okaaaaay! I'll be good and stuff!"

Instantly the hot surface of the chair cooled, and Mary Jane slumped in her seat. As she felt her wrists being restrained, Mary Jane started to snivel. Standing on a stool, Mrs. Erdman carefully clipped off every stalk of raw hemp that covered Mary Jane's head. Then she used a smaller pair of bonsai trimmers to clean off the rest, leaving Mary Jane with a smooth, shaved head. Sticky, syrupy tears appeared in Mary Jane's eyes, exactly like golden tree sap.

Deputy Barstool took a close look at Mary Jane's thighs. "Hmm, better check her crevices for hidden contraband, just to be safe."

Slowly Mary Jane's ankles were pulled apart and secured against the legs of the stool. Sure enough, her unshaven bush was composed entirely of small floral cannabis buds.

By the time her shave was finished, Mary Jane was weeping freely, tears and snot dripping down her face in thick globs.

After the confiscated raw hemp was bagged, the sheriff examined it and put it right in her desk. “All that’s left is the mandatory flogging. Deputy Barstool, would you like to do the honors?”

“Don’t get me wrong, Sheriff, I’d sure love to whup this brat’s butt, but seein’ as I’m also her parole officer, wouldn’t that constitute a conflict of interest?”

“Eh, just wear the executioner’s hood. That way no one knows who you are.”

The deputy rubbed her hands together. “Jehoshaphat! Now that’s an idea!”

Quickly the deputy threw on a black hood and retrieved a whip. It was fashioned like a martinet, with nine short strips of soft leather, which gave it its famous nickname: the cat-o’-nine-tails.

Mary Jane took one look at it and shook her head wildly, gasping in terror as she was led to the flogging post. The restraining loops hovered in place before securing her fast to the post in a standing position, her back and buttocks exposed.

With practiced precision, Deputy Barstool cracked the martinet across Mary Jane’s buttocks.

Feeling a shiver travel up and down her spine, the dryad gasped, then screamed. “Noooo! Waahaaaaww!! *Wheeze* Aaauuuugh!”

Mrs. Erdman groaned. “Ugh. What a crybaby. She’s like my youngest throwing a temper tantrum. She does look like a baby with her bald head and all.”

The deputy cracked the whip with a practice swing of her arm. “Well, I’ll give this big baby a reason to cry soon enough!”

Ignoring her victim's screech, Deputy Barstool aimed the next blow at Mary Jane's upper thighs. The dryad twisted her wrists, straining to break free, but all she could manage was to thrust out her buttocks a few more inches. "Gyaaaaah! Ahgck!"

Sheriff Humblehand watched the deputy deliver the next few strokes and shook her head. "Deputy, try to aim a few across the prisoner's back and shoulders. This is supposed to be a whippin', not a spankin'."

The deputy stood on her tiptoes and aimed the next stroke high, but only managed to reach the top of Mary Jane's buttocks. "I can't reach no higher, sheriff."

The sheriff hopped off her chair and stomped around her desk. "Oh, land sakes! Just let me show you how it's done."

Mary Jane twisted against the leather tongs, her hips swaying back and forth as she looked over either of her shoulders. "Wait! There has to be another way!"

She saw the sheriff rolling a wooden barrel toward her. The sheriff set the barrel down firmly right in front of the whipping post and glared at Mary Jane. "Gonna try and bribe your way out of punishment again?"

Mary Jane tensed. "No, ma'am!"

The sheriff sniffed, then climbed on top of the barrel. "That's more like it. Deputy, no offense, but those limp-wristed swings of yours really shouldn't count toward the total."

Then the sheriff raised the cat-o'-nine-tails high. "So we'd best start this whuppin' over from the beginning. It's got to be done right. Now, watch close."

Mary Jane bared her fangs. "What? That's unfair!"

Then the sheriff delivered the first stroke across the back of Mary Jane's left shoulder.

Mary Jane yelped. Sure, it stung like mad, but as she tried to process the sensation, she was surprised to discover that it wasn't as bad as she had expected. She had imagined the whip would rip out a chunk of her flesh with each blow. Then the welts started to rise

across her shoulder, and Mary Jane sucked down a breath. The ache washed over her like a crashing wave, far worse than the initial sting. “Eeep!”

The sheriff switched her grip on the martinet, aiming at Mary Jane’s right shoulder. “Miss Jane, did I hear you object that that was bein’ unfair to you? That’s mighty hurtful. I’ve been elected by the good folks of Cobywood to represent them as their justice of the peace. If you’ve got an accusation to make, let’s hear it.”

Mary Jane gritted her teeth, her eyes blazing. Her anger was so hot her tears momentarily evaporated. “This is completely arbitrary! I want justice, do you hear me? Give me justice!”

“Justice? And what’s justice?”

“Let me go, for Gaia’s sake!”

Sheriff Humblehand landed her second stroke across Mary Jane’s right shoulder. The dryad inhaled sharply but fought to swallow her scream. Feeling her bald scalp burning, Mary Jane flashed a defiant look at her tormentor.

The sheriff didn’t blink. “Let you go? So you can sell more drugs in our little town? The folks here voted on legalizing marijuana. It got rejected at the ballot. Don’t like the laws we’ve passed in our home? Too bad. Go smoke your weed somewhere else.”

Mary Jane rolled her eyes and puffed. “Hmmph. I never get high off my own stash. Duh, do you think I’m a brain-addled—Yeeeow!”

The sheriff surprised Mary Jane with a third lash across her buttocks. “But you didn’t do the sensible thing, did you? You decided that what our cozy, folksy, friendly little corner of this rotten world needed was a drug hustler.”

Feeling her tears starting to return, Mary Jane held her eyes wide open, willing them to go away. “Justice! I demand justice!”

“So be it. Here’s your justice.”

Then Sheriff Humblehand landed a ferocious lash across Mary Jane's right shoulder before using a fluid twist of her arm to deliver the second stroke in quick succession across her victim's left shoulder.

Mary Jane screeched, squirming against the post, completely unable to process what was happening around her.

With a detached, academic look on her face, the sheriff gestured at the blazing marks left by the last two strokes. "You want a good thirteen strokes 'cross both her shoulders, then spread out the last thirteen along her ass and thighs. Stay away from the lower back. That's where the kidneys are. The soft leather shouldn't do more than leave welts, but no sense risking a lawsuit."

"I don't think dryads have kidneys," interjected Mrs. Erdman.

"Really? Is that true, Miss Jane?"

Mary Jane gasped for breath. She wanted to scream for mercy, but she was still too pissed. Calming her rapid breathing, Mary Jane tried to force her voice to sound casual. "Uh... huh? We don't have all those weird internal organs you need. We use photosynthesis for nourishment."

The deputy slapped her knee. "Ah, haw! Jus' like a tree!"

As she felt the cool air tickle the back of her bald scalp, Mary Jane shivered and suddenly second-guessed herself. Quickly she shook her head. "Oh no! Not like a tree at all! I'm an herbaceous dryad. My skin is very sensitive to heat and abrasions! Please, Miss Sheriff, don't spank me any—"

Masterfully the sheriff landed the next two strokes across the dryad's buttocks in quick succession, then aimed a third across her victim's lower back.

And with that, Mary Jane lost any ability to pretend toughness. She squealed like a piglet before the sheriff began to deliver whip strokes at a slow, steady pace.

The sheriff spaced out the next few lashes evenly, making sure to cover the dryad's lower back now that she was sure there was no risk of injuring any organs.

After thirteen strokes, Mary Jane yelled loud and long, pulling at the leather straps as if trying to climb away. "Nooo! No more! Mercy!"

The sheriff aimed the next stroke between her victim's shoulder blades at a perfectly vertical, downward angle. The dryad screeched in terror before something strange happened. The cumulative effect of the pain actually snapped Mary Jane out of her state of panic. Suddenly, and all at once, she became vividly aware, perfectly awake. Mary Jane felt the stripes across her back and buttocks like paint strokes perfectly covering the canvas of her flesh. And at that moment the spoiled dryad finally learned what it was to be helpless. To be on display. To be an object.

The sheriff's voice was cold. "Mercy? Sorry, Miss Jane, but you asked for justice. And you deserve to get it, good n' hard."

Slowly Sheriff Humblehand began to mete out the next set of thirteen strokes, silently, precisely, professionally.

Having now reached a heightened state of consciousness, Mary Jane's head was dizzy from the sensation. It hurt, of course. But now not even her fear could protect her anymore. She simply hurt more and more and more. It wasn't merely painful. It was as if Mary Jane's entire world had simply become pain itself.

This lasted until the last of the second set of strokes. Mary Jane tried to scream. She wanted to scream. But she couldn't find her voice. Then she noticed her throat hurt, the sting as bad as anything she could feel behind her. More pain. The world was already pain, and here was another little bit of hurt.

As she felt the next lash, Mary Jane squeaked like a mouse, then slumped forward, dangling limply from the restraints that held her to the post.

The sheriff nodded, then climbed off the barrel to aim the next three strokes across the dryad's lower buttocks and thighs.

Mary Jane clung weakly to the post, grunting with exhaustion.

“You’re doing better, Miss Jane. Seems we’ve spanked the devil outta you, mostly. But there’s still nine more to go. Let’s give your thighs some attention. We’re gonna get ’em to match your heinie. Now, you’ve promised to be a good girl. If your word means anything, then stick out your bottom, little missy.”

As she registered the meaning of the words, Mary Jane whimpered, then arched her back to present her buttocks and thighs as a target. The sheriff wasted no time and aimed two lightning-quick strokes across each of her victim’s butt cheeks.

Shivering, Mary Jane simply absorbed the rest of her beating. She managed to hold her bottom high for another four strokes before her knees shook and gave out beneath her.

Her bald head hung limply to the side before an especially harsh stroke snapped Mary Jane out of her stupor. She writhed once, then slumped like a ragdoll, wheezing, her head lolling to the other side.

Sheriff Humblehand sighed. “And you were doing so well. Try again. Bottoms up, Miss Jane.”

Feeling spit and snot and tears dripping down her face, Mary Jane planted her feet like tree roots and stuck out her ass. Her abs were aching from the exertion, like the burn after a long workout. “Oh, look, another part of my body that hurts!” thought Mary Jane dully.

Finally the sheriff administered the last two strokes with the same blinding double-swing technique. Mary Jane stood silently, her stance steady, and considered the quality of the mounting pain left by the last two lashes. Coldly Mary Jane concluded that the sheriff must have saved her absolute best for last. Her back and buttocks had gone numb long ago, but now it was like the pain was reaching deeper into her, past muscles, into her soul. Mary Jane had to appreciate the art of it. Then she screamed, her voice like gravel.

The sheriff stood back to admire her work and whistled. “Phew! Now that’s a fine set of stripes, if I do say so myself. Nice and even! Deputy Barstool, you may remit Miss Jane to custody for the night. She’ll need plenty of rest ’fore tomorrow.”

Dimly Mary Jane felt the loops go slack, releasing her from the whipping post, before an invisible hand scooped her up by the stomach and stuffed her back into the flower pot, ass first.

Just as Mary Jane was set down inside the cell, Bat-Mahlat floated into the air next to her and started drifting toward the desk. The succubus flailed wildly in midair, nearly breaking free of the two dildos before they seemed to spark to life and press deeper into her. “Hey! Ow! Lemme go! Yeeowch! That smarts! Don’t make me move while these things are still stuffed inside—”

The gourd popped out of Bat-Mahlat’s ass before she was slapped down roughly onto her chair, then bound in place. She gasped, drooling, as the purple dildo started to work on her groin in earnest again. “Yeeeeeesh! Oh, yesss—I mean—No! No more!”

The chair landed in front of the desk with a bump. Sheriff Humblehand pulled out a file marked with Bat-Mahlat’s prisoner number. “All right, now we can finally get to the matter of your previous contempt-of-court charge. Do you have anything to say in your defense?”

The succubus gurgled past frothy drool, a spit bubble dangling from her lip. “I want a lawyer.”

“We’ve been over this, Miss Bat-Mahlat. The court has already provided you with a lawyer.”

“I want a real lawyer, and I want a jury of my peers.”

“You’ve already been found guilty according to our legal system. Really, all that’s left to handle is the penalty for your contempt of court. Do you have anything to say in your defense?”

“Bite me.”

“’Fraid that’s another contempt-of-court charge.”

The sheriff opened a drawer on her desk, and ten small mousetraps floated into the air. Bat-Mahlat looked confused before she lightly floated into the air. “What are those—aw, fuck!”

Two of the mousetraps landed on the seat of her chair and sprang back to arm themselves. The succubus’ eyes boggled as she slowly started to sink back down, then reached behind to shield her bottom. “No, no, no! This is insane! This is completely—”

The moment she reached back, two mousetraps flew to intercept her hands. With two snaps her fingers were caught in each of the mousetraps. She squealed and shook her hands wildly before suddenly remembering what was coming up from behind her.

As the succubus’ plump bottom squished against the two mousetraps, the triggers squeezed dangerously and—

KA-SNAP!

Each mousetrap clamped down firmly, biting deep into each of the succubus’ fleshy butt cheeks. The succubus howled and jumped into the air, but the moment her feet landed on the ground her toes were caught in another pair of mousetraps. “Eeee-yaaaaargh!”

The succubus danced in place, then bent over to try and free her feet, only to notice her hands were still trapped. The moment she bent over, her devilish pronged tail flicked wildly back and forth, just like a mouse in distress.

Then a mousetrap caught the tip of her tail, and the succubus jumped straight into the air. The magic seemed to catch her, letting her dangle in place. “No! Not my precious tail! It’s sensitive! You pinching my tail is like me pinching your tits in a vice!”

Then two mousetraps flew toward the succubus’ exposed tits and clamped down firmly on each of them. The succubus screamed until her voice cracked, then gasped for air. “Is that all you’ve got? I’ve done kinkier shit for film-school homework!”

The last mousetrap fluttered up in front of her face. Then, almost casually, it pressed against the end of her nose and sprung. The succubus writhed wildly, the traps all flopping along with her, but her scream was slightly muffled thanks to her nose being pinched. “Waaaauuughffff!”

The sheriff clapped her hands. “We’ll try again tomorrow, shall we?”

As the succubus started floating toward the cell, she started kicking again. “Eff yoo! I’ll soo’ your whole department, then I’ll soo’ each of you personally, and your families too!”

Then the succubus landed a hard kick against the wall at the back of the cell. There was a sharp bump, and the entire back wall jostled loose.

Both of the prisoners blinked. Mary Jane writhed in her flower pot, but her buttocks were stuck tight. “What was—”

Then the wall of the cell fell backwards, crumpling into a heap of foam and Styrofoam chunks as it smashed over the heads of a hidden film crew. A group of halfling camera operators spluttered as they struggled to free themselves from under giant pieces of fake wall.

At the main camera, two tall young women stood clutching one another in horror. One was tan with lanky dust-gray hair, who was operating the mic, while the other was slender and pale with sleek black hair, who was seated on a director’s chair.

Mary Jane blinked twice, then finally recognized them. The gray-haired woman was clearly the she-werewolf, though without her canine snout. She was wearing an orange jumpsuit with a prisoner number. The pale, white-skinned woman was the vampiress, though she had lost the pallid, grayish hue from the TV show. The vampiress was wearing a neon-yellow vest that was labeled “Community Service Volunteer,” along with a red French beret.

Bat-Mahlat gasped. “Ossy? Carmy? What are yoo’ two idiots doing? Are you… filming us? You fuck’n traitors! Did you ungrateful mooks turn stool pigeon on me?”

The two women started bawling. The gray-haired one had sharp canines. “I’m sorry, boss! They threatened to give us shots if we didn’t help them set up a new film shoot! They were gonna cure my lycanthropy!”

“You bone-headed, dumb-ass, bitch vamps! I told you to demand a lawyer!”

The she-werewolf snarled. “I did exactly what you said, boss! I kept biting and scratching and barking for a lawyer, but they said I was found guilty of assault and battery on an officer and put me in a dog kennel!”

“If they slapped you in the clink, then why are you filming us?”

The werewolf-woman cocked her head, exactly like a confused puppy. “Because they said if I was a good girl, they’d let me out for walkies. I need walkies, boss! I can’t stay cooped up!”

The black-haired lady bawled. “And they were gonna cure my vampirism if I didn’t agree to guest-direct the next episode of *Shire Reaves!* I had to take the plea deal! We had no choice, boss! If I lose being a vampire, I’d lose my soul again, if I hadn’t already!”

One of the halfling cameramen stood, dusting himself off. “Oh, that wasn’t part of the plea deal. We gave you your injections while you were out.”

The werewolf-girl and the vampire-girl froze before quickly pulling down their panties to inspect their bare bottoms. Sure enough, they both had little circular Band-Aids that marked where they’d been given their shots. Both girls started to cry at once.

The ex-vampire-girl screeched. “Waaah! But I don’t wanna be a normie! Boo hoo!”

The ex-werewolf-girl howled, then snarled. “Awooo! Do you have any idea how much it costs to get reinfected?”

Bat-Mahlat started to swear before the two dildos started penetrating her again, and she choked. “Ooooh… Ugh! You want to violate my rights? Fine! Do it harder! Ha… harder, harder—haaa-ha-aaaauwgh!”

Mary Jane's jaw dropped in horror as she took in the scene. "Lights... cameras... TV screens... you've been filming us this whole time?"

As if in answer, the theme song for *Shire Reaves* started playing from one of the TVs in the editing station, and Mary Jane recognized herself on the screen. The narrator's voice started to play over the rough footage. "Tonight, while the department's still dealing with the most contemptible perp to ever catch a contempt-of-court charge, there's a new troublemaker in Cobywood: a brain-addled stoner who thinks she can sling drugs to our innocent local youth. That's right, folks! She sells weed! Remember, kids, it's the gateway drug! But once the short arm of the law catches up to her, this pot-head's ass is grass!"

The TV footage cut to show Mary Jane being stuffed butt-first into a pot. Mary Jane rocked wildly back and forth inside her pot. "No! All the dudes in my artists' collective watch this show! We enjoy it ironically!"

The sheriff groaned. "Good grief, can we get a screen up? It's impossible to keep the prisoners' attention focused on paying their debt to society with you clowns interrupting."

Mary Jane tipped over and twisted to face the sheriff, her ass stuck high in the air as she crawled on her hands and knees to reach the bars of the cell. "You can't air this! I never consented to be filmed!"

Mrs. Erdman held up a form. "Sure you did. It was part of the terms for the waiver when you signed up for that geeky artists' alley thing. Didn't you read the terms and conditions carefully?"

"Noooooo!" wailed Mary Jane.

"Yessss! Oh, yes, yes, yeeeeeeeeesss!" moaned Bat-Mahlat.

Sheriff Humblehand clicked a pen. "Now, let's look for some noble causes that Miss Jane can volunteer for as part of her community service."

***

After a long, hard week, Mary Jane and Bat-Mahlat were finally summoned for another case review.

Sheriff Humblehand smiled as she looked over her clipboard. “I must admit, Miss Jane, you’ve been a model prisoner. Once you’ve finished your term of community service, I’ll be happy to recommend you for early release in recognition of your good behavior.”

Mary Jane smiled sweetly and bowed her head. She was wearing a clean, baggy orange jumpsuit. “Thank you, ma’am. I just can’t wait to become a productive and contributing member of society.”

“As for you, Miss Bat-Mahlat… well, looks like we’ve finally caught up on your last few contempt-of-court charges. Who knows, maybe we can actually get this case wrapped up. Where were we? Ah, yes, sentencing. Do you have anything to say for yourself before I pronounce sentence?”

Bat-Mahlat smiled weakly, staring vacantly at the judge as the two dildos continued to pleasure her. “Mmm… I maintain my innocence. Pornographic films are protected speech, and I will not apologize for producing them.”

The sheriff buried her face in her palm. “Miss Bat-Mahlat, that’s never been the issue. If you had simply applied to the local government for a business license, you could film whatever you want, so long as it’s legal.”

Bat-Mahlat took a deep, shuddering breath. “All that’s… oooh… controlled by the Triple-X Performers’ Bardic Guild. We’re already compliant with all their regulations.”

“Then just go to the county clerk and get your business license! Why is this hard?”

The succubus pouted. “But the marketing department said—”

“Who runs your business? You, or your marketing department?”

“… Meeee?”

“Then you’re the one who’s responsible for the decision, aren’t you, Miss Bat-Mahlat?”

The succubus hung her head. “Yes, I’m… I’m sorry.”

The sheriff beamed. “Very good. In that case, I hereby sentence you to pay a fine of ten gils for improper compliance and order you to march your naughty little tail straight to the clerk’s office to get your business license in order. You’re free to go.”

The two dildos pulled free from the succubus’ orifices and floated over to settle themselves in the dishwasher. The succubus blinked. “Wait… that’s it?”

The sheriff held up her hands. “Of course that’s it! It’s not like we’re going to throw the book at you over a minor licensing violation. Now…”

As the sheriff snapped her fingers, the succubus floated into the air. “… Off with you, you adorable, little, silly-headed libertarian, you.”

The office door popped open, and the succubus was set on her feet outside. Bat-Mahlat glanced down at her fully nude body. “But what about my shoes and—”

The door slammed shut.

The sheriff sighed with contentment. “Finally! I thought that case would never end. Now, Miss Jane, although I’m very happy with your progress, I’m recommending at least another week of community service. If you work hard, I’m sure you’ll be able to repay your debt to society in that time.”

Mary Jane froze, then balled her hands into fists. “What? But I’ve done every effin’ thing you said, right from the start! How am I not getting released first?”

“You mean Miss Bat-Mahlat? Oh, Miss Jane, you pled guilty to a completely different crime. A felony, for that matter. Of course, you did volunteer to perform community service, so you’re only getting probation. Once I’m sure you won’t recidivate, you’ll be free to go. But your attitude ain’t doing much to help your case, missy.”

“What attitude? I had a frickin’ great attitude! I obeyed! I cleaned the cell! I volunteered at the soup kitchen! I filmed the cheesy ‘Don’t Do Drugs, Kids!’ spot! What more do you fucking want?”

“What I want, Miss Jane, is to know that you are truly sorry. Take Miss Bat-Mahlat for instance. She clearly isn’t afraid of punishment. So when she says she’s sorry, I know she really means it. You, on the other hand, are completely terrified of pain and humiliation, aren’t you?”

“Well, of course I am! Who the hell wouldn’t be scared of getting their ass beat constantly, mercilessly?”

The sheriff nodded. “Exactly. Therefore, when you promise to be good and swear you’ll never sell drugs in my town again, I can’t quite be sure if you’re telling the truth. Maybe you’re just saying what you think I want to hear to avoid punishment, rather than out of genuine contrition.”

“What? Then how the fuck am I supposed to ever get out of here?”

“You can start by watching your language.”

Mary Jane ripped the buttons off her orange jumpsuit, then started to stumble out of her pants. “Well, screw this! And fuck you! I want a lawyer!”

The sheriff sighed, then snapped her fingers. “Contempt of court. Mrs. Erdman? Start the dishwasher running. I have a feeling we’ll be needing the interrogation tools for Miss Jane before the week is over.”

Mary Jane floated in midair, her orange pants tangled around her ankles as she kicked and punched at nothing. Then a long, hefty wooden paddle, complete with little drilled holes to cut down on air resistance, flew off its hook and hovered behind Mary Jane, patting her upturned rump.

Mary Jane’s eyes went wide as she felt the warning love-taps. “I want a lawyer! Lawyer, lawyer, law—”

The paddle slammed down hard across Mary Jane's buttocks with such force that it pressed her glutes flat and left little circular impressions all along her mottled, scorched flesh. Mary Jane screeched like a banshee.

But thankfully, since she was only a dryad, no one died as a result.

***

Bat-Mahlat slammed her fist against the door of the sheriff's office before noticing the watchful eyes of all the film crew for *Shire Reaves* standing behind her. The succubus took a deep breath. "You know what? Fine!"

Then she started strutting, fully nude, past them. Cammy, the cured vampire-girl, and Ossy, the cured werewolf-girl, hustled after her, clutching hand cams.

Ossy was panting so hard her tongue was lolling. "Boss? We're not fired, are we?"

Cammy swallowed, then forced a smile. "Yeah, you can't stay sore at us, boss. We were in a real pickle."

"You're not fired, and I will stay sore at you for as long as I see fit. You two are going to be filming hardcore vampire-slash-werewolf spanking scenes for the next year... on both sides of the camera. Maybe then I'll be inclined to let bygones be bygones."

"But boss, I ain't a werewolf girl anymore. They stuck something pokey in my butt!"

"Yeah, they cured us without asking. I complied and everything, but it didn't even matter! And we can't get good traction from werewolf and vampire fetishists without authentic casting."

"Then they gave me rabies shots, boss! It was a great big needle, right in my—"

Then Ossy froze as the collar around her neck started to buzz and click, flashing a red light. The ex-werewolf-woman dropped to the ground, twitching, before two members of the halfling camera crew appeared. One attached a leash to the collar around Ossy's

neck. “Hey! You can’t bring the dog past the invisible fence, you morons! Even if we let her out for volunteer service duty, she’s still serving her sentence for assault and battery.”

Cammy watched her friend twitching on the ground and slowly pointed at herself. “Um… what about me? Am I allowed to go?”

“Yeah, yeah, you’re on candid-camera duty, so you’re free to walk around the town. Just keep your ankle brace on and don’t leave the city limits for the time being. Make sure you get a good, steady shot of everything. We may need it for the B-roll.”

Bat-Mahlat and Cammy watched as the halflings led the whimpering ex-werewolf away.

Finally Cammy looked at her boss and giggled nervously.

Bat-Mahlat sniffed. “I guess being a rat fink has its perks.”

“Oh, come on, boss. I’ll make it up to you! Just think of the free publicity our studio will get from this little… adventure?”

Bat-Mahlat flicked her fingers, and with a puff of red flame a smoky black business card appeared in her hand. “We’ll get you and Ossy reinfected later… preferably when we’re not surrounded by halflings. For now, keep filming that jail cell. And if you get a chance, give that dryad my card. Tell her I think she has a future as a movie star.”

Cammy beamed. “Wow, boss, you’re really ready to get back into the game? After all you’ve been through? I had no idea you were built that tough!”

Bat-Mahlat felt the hemorrhoids on her anus sting, and puckered her butthole. Remembering the lingering ache in her pussy, the succubus lightly covered her front, looking almost shy for a moment before remembering herself. Putting her hands on her hips, the succubus stuck out her chest, posing majestically with nipples fully erect. “Bah! That was nothing. They can’t threaten me with a good time!”

Cammy’s eyes shone with admiration before she took a second look at the business card and stared at it stupidly. “But… boss, I’m supposed to follow you for the rest of the day. What am I supposed to do with this?”

“Bat-brain! Just do it while you’re filming the dryad, of course. And yes, I think I would like someone to follow me around today. Unfortunately we’ve lost Ossy for the time being, so that can only mean one thing…”

Bat-Mahlat snapped her fingers, and a spiked dog collar appeared in a puff of black smoke, dangling from her hand. “… You’ll just have to be my dog for the day, won’t you, Cammy?”

The little blood that had returned to Cammy’s face paled as she eyed the collar. “But, boss… you know I hate playing the sub role.”

“Exactly. This is step one in your long, hard journey of redemption before you’ll be allowed back into my good graces. Now, what will it be, Cammy?”

Cammy glanced at the crowd of plain halflings surrounding them, watching the scene unfold in befuddled silence. Then Cammy blushed mad red, probably for the first time in at least a hundred years. “Yes, mistress. I’ll be a good girl.”

Bat-Mahlat attached the collar to the shame-faced ex-vampire, then glanced at the stunned crowd watching them. “Now, if you’ll excuse us… I have a business zoning license to apply for!”

Bat-Mahlat strolled out the front door and down the street, ignoring the astonished halflings on all sides.

***

In the sheriff’s office, Sheriff Humblehand, Deputy Barstool, and Mrs. Erdman were doing paperwork, calmly ignoring the plight of the dryad floating in the air above them.

Mary Jane’s howling and wailing slowly melted into bawling and blubbering. She dug her fingers into her bald scalp and seethed, before the endless strokes from the paddle broke the last of her resolve, and she lay limp in midair.

Finally Sheriff Humblehand looked up and sighed. “Poor dear, let’s put her to bed.”

The sheriff snapped her fingers, and the dryad flopped down into her flower pot, face first. Mary Jane whimpered as she tried to hold her bald head up high, shaking her fist. "Nooo! I don't deserve this! I'm a good person! What do you fucking care if I sling weed?"

Then Mary Jane was cut off as the magic pressed her firmly down in place, with only her ass poking up out of the pot. From within the pot came a muffled roar of rage. "Mrrraaaaahff!"

"Aren't you worried she'll suffocate?" asked Mrs. Erdman.

The sheriff waved a hand. "Not to worry. Dryads breathe through their skin. Which reminds me."

With a snap of her fingers, the sheriff reactivated the paddle, which immediately went to work on Mary Jane's upturned backside. The pot rocked back and forth wildly, and as the exposed buttocks shivered, the muffled screams within the pot quickly grew more desperate.

The deputy looked at the sheriff skeptically. "But Sheriff, we're not really going to let that succubus set up a smut studio in our fair town, are we?"

"Hold your horses, Deputy. I told her that she needed to get a proper license. That's true enough."

The sheriff drummed her fingers together. "Of course, them forms are mighty complicated. It's all too easy to miss a signature, or file it with the wrong office. In which case, our friend the succubus… will still be non-compliant."

"You think she'll get the hint after another week in the clink?"

"Hopefully. But who knows, maybe she's starting to like it here."

In her pot, Mary Jane let out a final sob, then stopped struggling, lifting her aching bottom high in a final, desperate attempt to endure her paddling.

And then a final thought occurred to Mary Jane. *"... I am an ass."*

She might as well be nothing but her buttocks. She existed to be spanked.

This was her life now.

And with that, Mary Jane's last attempt to rationally process what was happening to her fizzled out.

Sheriff Humblehand snapped her fingers, and the paddle paused mid-swing.

Approaching the flower pot, the sheriff patted the upturned buttocks in a manner that was almost, but not quite, gentle. "Now, let's see if our friend the flower child is ready to be more reasonable."

The End